

THE HOME JOURNAL.

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The Home Journal.

W. J. SLATTER, Editor.

"pledged to no Party's arbitrary way,
We follow truth wherever she leads the way."

A FEW OF OUR REFLECTIONS.

There are many conflicting ideas of what is nobleness of character. Some persons suppose that a certain bluster and swagger, a vaunting of one's self, and one's capabilities, that a sort of reckless independence of speech and action, and a rash and thoughtless daring, evince a manly nobility of soul. But it is not so—all true nobleness is closely allied to humility and modesty. The whole soul is, to be sure, independent and brave, but it is so in a seemly way. It seems to hang for sustenance upon any human support; or to be "forever grafting itself into its parent's old trunk and branches." It is "independent," to be sure, but not for the sake of vanity or spite; on the contrary, it desires independence that it may be at liberty to impart good to others. True nobility respects itself too much not to render fitting respect to all others, especially to age and to woman. It would blush to speak a hasty word to, or a harsh word of, a parent, however much that parent had done to deserve it.

It is a stranger to idleness, and too brave to be discouraged by difficulties. When hedged up in one direction it turns patiently and hopefully in another, and if it cannot sustain itself by means which all the world has agreed to honor, then it takes up an humble part, and labors unobtrusively, save by God, until it is called to go up higher.

It is never known to shrink from duty because the weather proves cold, or hot, or stormy; or because there are long and weary days of labor and self-denial before it. Nobleness does not cry,—"There is a lion without; I shall be slain in the streets;" but it says,—"I see the way of industry and honesty; it is a narrow way, a hard and steep way. But I am no coward, and no babe; I am strong enough and brave enough to walk that way—yes, and to walk it with a light heart."

The noble-hearted are not always the faultless—far from it; the most glorious victors that this world has known have been those who have been obliged to contend fiercely with their own evil tempers and inclinations. A man is not noble according to what nature did for him at his birth, but according to what he has courage and character to do for himself. And no man is so noble as they who, against faults of early training, against their own impatience, fretfulness, violence, faint-heartedness, jealousy, selfishness, and thoughtlessness, wage war and come off conquerors, (as every man may who looks unto God for help.)

Such men are the monuments that are a nation's glory. They are more precious than diamonds, and even though they never shine out here, they will sparkle forever and ever in the world to come. But they do shine out here.

The man who can rule his own spirit the noble being who can keep in subjection all the natural evil of his disposition, cannot long be unknown. By his struggle with himself he forms a character which has too much weight, force, and magnitude to be long hid; and men will, in a greater or less degree, be eager to do him honor. Thus it happens that, while the sons of men who gather riches and nourish up their children tenderly, indulging all their wishes, and giving them more dollars than blows, deteriorate, and come to nothing; while they go about hanging on to this relative and that, wherever they can get the least hold, and are despised and disliked by all who know them, and are not mourned when they are dead; the hardy sons of the poor man, the boys who have come up barefooted almost to twenty years of age, and who have been more accustomed to hard cuffs and kicks than to petting and pudding, rise to the top of society and fame.

In the last McMinnville New Era we find another communication from "X," occupying about two columns, and composed of abuse of Finley Johnson's writings, and "unkind cuts" at himself. It is fixed up somewhat better than his first, being aided, we think, by one or two others who are in the habit of scribbling now and then. In fact, the communication commences in a style that betrays the "elven foot" of one who is "some" on "Fair Play." Perhaps he is "the friend" who wrote the "Dying Yearling" which "X" seems so proud of.

But we pass over about one column of "X's" effort, by advising him on the way that his quotation from Byron strikes some in his own neighborhood, as well as Finley Johnson.

Finley is not the only one who writes for "lucre." So, be careful that you do not, by your own nonsense, place some of your friends in a category like that you would place Finley Johnson in, by quoting a scrap from Byron.

But, as before stated, we pass over most of the communication to extract the following:

"It is easy to call hard names.—Anybody can cry mutton-head, nincompoop, blubber-head, and almost anybody can afford to be called by any or all of these coarse, indecent epithets by the Home Journal without suffering injury, for it is not every one that can injure by the use of abusive language. I learn, also, that Mr. Slater is young and I am disposed to regard his article in the light of youthful indiscretion. As he grows older I think he will grow wiser. I have much hope for him yet. He has a good deal of sprightliness, and, with proper training, will make a creditable writer and print a more creditable paper. Even the little article already written has had a good effect. He has taken 'Finley's' advertisement out, and hope that as the scales fall from his eyes he will leave his other productions out. This will be one important step. Then I wish him not to have quite so much self in his columns. The neighboring newspapers compliment him occasionally—he copies their remarks, and, by modest disparagement, 'fishes' for still greater compliments. If a friend sends him a box of apples, or a young lady a bouquet, to the one he devotes half a column (which would be much more appropriately said in a letter) and for the other he inserts divers pieces of poetry directed to her who will not understand." Now, Mr. Editor, to sensible persons this looks very ridiculous, and he ought to be told of it.

His whole article to me is a senseless, rhapsodic, and indecent and abusive epiphany, without force and without application, not deserving an answer. The good Book says "answer not a fool according to his folly: thou shalt also be like unto him." I hope yet that a judicious application of advice with example will make a decent editor of him, though much balderdash and not a little vainglorious self-puffery will have to be coaxed out of him. Neighboring editors are imprudent in speaking of him as they do sometimes. It seems that they only have to rub and praise him a little to make him bray prodigiously; hence, they ought to administer commendation in broken doses."

Now, we will give "X" a fair and honorable answer to the above, and everything else he has written about us. We will not say it in poetry or "doggerel," but in plain-out prose, and from the very depths of our heart.

Mr. "X":—We decline any further talk with a person who is so cowardly, so pitiful and so skulking as to screen himself under a false signature. We do not know who you are, but we are disposed to surmise, and if the surmise should prove true, we'll let out some things connected with your life which will place you in a rather awkward condition. Now we ask you this question: Are you a gentleman? Do you consider yourself such? If you do, we appeal to you, as a gentleman, to give us your true name. Poke your cowardly head from behind the tree and if we think it worthy of a shot, we'll waste our ammunition on it. You ought to feel mean, to use a fictitious name in which to write against us, while our name stands at the head of this paper, and you are perhaps acquainted with our past life. You seem to know us very well, and every one, nearly, who may read our articles, knows of whom you write. But we must write against the insignificant letter, "X."—Now, sir, "nolens volens," unless you let us know who you are—unless you come out like a man, under your true signature, just consider that we have no more to do with you, and consider, too, that if you be a gentleman you will tell your name. We are in earnest, and we defy you to tell your name.

You say you are a regular reader of the Journal. We take it then as a tacit admission that you are a subscriber. Of course, if you are not a subscriber you would not read so regularly what another pays for, and which is our labor, and of course you would not take the trouble to indite your abusive communications against us.—Now, we've almost got you. We've scanned the names on our list, at your town, and most, if not all of them, we find to be men with too much principle for us to suspect. Now, "X," tell your name. We dare you! Since you have gone to so much trouble to abuse us—since you commenced the quarrel, either boldly face the music, else skulk like a cowardly dog behind a fictitious cognomen. We have the most supreme contempt for a man who will stand in the dark and fight an enemy standing in the light. "X," you are doing it, and if you will not let us know who you are, then will we beg of any person in your county

to write to us and tell us who it is that is so ungentlemanly in his conduct.—Sir, we must have your name. We want to print it. You shall not longer attempt to injure us or our paper by your unmanly and coward-like attacks, although we feel assured such attempts would be futile.

"X" says that we are young, and that he is disposed to regard our article in the light of youthful indiscretion, and that he has much hope for us yet. Now, sir, you need not try to "honey" round us and say you hope so and so. We look upon you as an enemy, one who is too mean to hope any good for us—one who would, if he could, injure us and our paper; else, why would you single out the Journal and abuse it when there is no occasion for such abuse—when there are thousands of other papers of the same cast published. No, sir, you are an enemy—one hid in the dark—the vilest of all enemies—a snake in the grass, all stealthy with faults, sneaking along to do injury to the innocent unwary—a wolf in one respect, by being skulky and unwilling to boldly fight, yet willing to prey upon the fold at night—a peacock in vanity, yet willing to blame others for being vain, and willing to lie in order to make that vanity the more perceptible. You hope for us!—How we do want to know your real name!

As to Finley Johnson's advertisement, it was taken from our advertising columns and placed in the communication which we extracted from the Era week before last. We done this to save the trouble of setting the type. In distributing the matter our "boys" distributed it unthoughtfully. It is in this week's paper and will be in all successive numbers.

Now, we close our discussion with "X" until he gives us his name, or until we find it out. In the mean time we shall preserve the Era containing his communication, and when he lets us know who he is, we shall certainly tell some things of his life that will put to blush the vanity of any peacecock that ever strutted.

We desire, also, to state to the public the base motives that actuated this attack upon us. Those motives didn't originate *de facto* from a dislike of Finley Johnson's writings. We know "a thing or two."

The Independent Citizen, published at Pulaski Tenn., by L. W. McCord, is one of the best papers that comes to our office. It is very neatly printed and contains splendid matter and a large amount of it. The editor complains that the people of Giles don't support him well enough, and says that unless his list is doubled by the commencement of his next volume, he will suspend his paper. We would sorely regret to see so good a paper as the Citizen die out, and earnestly hope that the people will come up to their duty and support it better.—They'll never get a better paper printed in their midst.

The last Fayetteville Observer, speaks of the Winchester and Alabama Rail Road as follows:

"The work of construction is going ahead steadily, without any intermission. The track iron has been placed down reaching about twelve miles from Decherd, and the cars are now making regular trips to a point this side of Salem. The timbers for the bridge across Norris Creek near this place have been placed in position, and are now ready for the iron. The heavy cuts and fill on the Ridge are being pushed ahead rapidly, we are told, and will be completed at an early day. Here in the neighborhood of Fayetteville, there are no laggards, Capt. Ben. Whitaker, last week placed his hands in the Depot lot, and, although the rains that have recently set in, may and probably will retard him some, we understand it is his expectation to be done by Christmas."

The Observer then instances a case where property has advanced 50 per cent, because of the influence of the Road. Rail Roads always make property appreciate in value.

A Child's Head Cut Off.—A few days since while the steamer Morgan L. Martin was lying at the dock, in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, a son of the owner of the steamer, a boy some six or seven years old, was playing about the engine, and finally dropped something between the beams supporting the shaft, and stooped over to recover it. The engineer, entirely ignorant of the whereabouts of the boy, started the engine, and the crank revolving, came down and struck the boy on the back of the neck, completely severing his head from the body, without giving a moment's time for cry for help. The father being near, started, caught up the headless body, and the cry of "Oh, God!" which escaped the father's lips chilled the heart's blood of every one that saw that awful sight and heard that heart-rending invocation.

UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH.

We have received a copy of the address of Bishop Oty to his Convention, which contains a succinct account of the proceedings connected with the location of the University of the South, which account, we believe, has not been generally read. As the action of the Board in regard to location has elicited no little comment and controversy, it is perhaps due that the statement below, which we copy should go out with such comment:

No sooner had the committee on location begun its work of examination of the advantages of different sites, than it was met by the offer of large pecuniary and other recommendations, from nearly all the various localities which preferred claims to be accepted. To all such suggestions and offers one uniform answer was given, viz: The University is not to be put to the highest bidder in the offer of pecuniary consideration; there are three primary and indispensable conditions which take precedence of all other considerations, and to which all others are secondary, and these are: First, health; secondly, accessibility. The site must be within the countries represented in the Board in three or four days travel by the ordinary means of conveyance.

Thirdly, facility of obtaining supplies, including, besides provisions, materials for building, fuel, &c.—Wherever these primary conditions were fully met, there was to be the chosen site. Such was the answer given to all concerned, whether the claimant to preference was an inhabitant of the mountain or the plain.

In so grave a matter, involving interests so important, the committee were unwilling to rest the decision of the Board, on any recommendation which they might give. They employed an engineer of national reputation to form a corps for topographical surveys and explorations, of the best assistants he could engage. He was furnished with a printed series of questions, embracing all the topics of interest entering into the inquiries of the Board, to which questions he was asked to return specific replies, founded on actual observations at each locality so long as those interested in it desired, and were willing to defray the expenses of survey.

The reports of the corps of engineers together with plans showing the peculiarities of local position, the elevation above the sea-level, as well as the level of the surrounding country, and all other information gained, were laid before the committee of location, at Montgomery, between the 18th and 24th of November. The committee then availed themselves of the representations of persons appearing in behalf of the different sites competing for preference, and heard their statements personally. On all this information the committee rested their report to the Board, without recommending any one spot for the site of the University. After the report of the committee was laid before the Board, accompanied by all the statements of parties interested, the Board thought proper to admit persons claiming to understand the advantages of their respective localities, and to hear from them all that they wished to urge in behalf of their claims to preference.—Never was proceedings more fair, open, and just to all parties.

The Board proceeded to decide the question of location by ballot, the bishops for themselves, the clergy and laity unitedly for themselves. Two-thirds of the bishops, in concurrence with two-thirds of the clergy and laity were necessary to decide the question. After seventeen trials, the required vote was given in favor of Sevanee Mountain, near the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad, and the decision of the Board recorded and published in favor of Sevanee, "nuncie contrahente."

The attempts since made to disturb that decision and to question its wisdom, while they manifest the interest of the public in the matter, prove very conclusively the wisdom of foresight and caution which governed the committee of location in collecting information, and of the Board in reaching its conclusion. If the settlement of the question upon such premises, after all the pains taking and care to avail of all information accessible, be not enough to secure public confidence in the decision made, then we may despair of having that confidence under any circumstances. For myself, I have no fears as to the result. I feel perfectly confident that the public voice will sustain the action of the Board by an acclaim that will put to rest, and forever, all efforts to disturb the settlement of the question now made, no matter whether they spring from honest convictions, mortified pride, or disappointed selfishness.

When the English first settled New England, and began to plow the land, the Indians would for days together, follow the newly turned up furrows with great delight, until they learned the object. They then earnestly entreated the English to plow their land for them, offering as pay a small portion of the first fruits. When these requests were complied with, they were religiously punctual in paying the debt. The first portion of corn field in the autumn was laid by in baskets for this purpose, and another portion was laid by for seed; and no circumstance, not even famine itself, would induce them to touch the reserved parcels.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

We select the following beautiful picture from a recently published address of Richard V. Cook, Esq., of Columbus, Texas, on the Education and influence of woman: It will lynch the heart of the reader. We seldom stumble upon so well expressed an idea of woman's true mission:

"I fancy a young man just emerging from the bright elysium of youth, and commencing the bright journey of life. Honest, noble and gifted—the broad world to his warm hopes is the future scene of affluence, fame and happiness. Under his active energies, business prospers, and as a consequence, friends come about him. Era long he meets a sensible and amiable girl, who wins his heart, and who loves and trusts him in return. He doesn't stop to ask what the world will say about the match in case he marries her. Not he. The world is kicked out of doors, and the man determines to be the architect of his own happiness. He doesn't stop to inquire whether the girl's father is rich or the lands and slaves and coin; but he marries her for that most honest and philosophic of all reasons—because he loves her! He builds his home in a quiet spot where green trees wave their summer glories, and where bright sunbeams fall. Here is the Mecca of his life, towards which he turns with more than Eastern adoration. Here he is a green island in the sea of life, where rude winds never assail, and storms never come! Here, from the troubles and cares of existence, he finds solace in the society of her who is gentle without weakness, and sensible without vanity. Friends may betray him, and foes may oppress; but when towards home his weary footsteps turn, and there beams upon him golden smiles of welcome, the clouds lift from his soul—the bruised heart is restored, and the strong man made whole. I see the man fall into adversity. Creditors seize his property, poverty stars him in the face and he is avoided on all hands as a ruined bankrupt. When he sees all go—friends, credit and property, grief-stricken and penniless, he seeks his humble home. Now does the wife desert him too! Nay, verily! When the world abandons and persecutes the man, she draws closer to his side, and her affection is all the warmer because the evil days have come upon him. The moral excellencies of her soul rise superior to the disasters of fortune, and when she sees the man sit mournful and disconsolate, like Themistocles by the Household Gods of Admetus, hers is the task to comfort and console. She reminds him that misfortune has oft overtaken the wisest and the best; that all is never lost while health and hope survive; that she still is near to love, to help and encourage him. The man listens, his courage rallies, and the shadows flee from his heart; arms once more, he enters the arena of life. Industry and energy restore him to competency; fortune smiles upon him, friends return, and

"Joy sounds exulting on triumphant wings." Again the scene shifts. I see the man stretched weak and wasted on a bed of sickness. The anxious wife anticipates every want and necessity.—Softly her foot falls on the carpet, and gently her hand presses the fevered brow of the sufferer. Though the pale face gives token of her own weakness and suffering, yet through the long watches of each returning night, her vigils are kept beside the loved one's couch. At last disease bequeathes the fortress of life; and the physician solemnly warns his patient that death is approaching. He feels it too; and the last words of love and trust are addressed to her who is weeping beside his dying bed. And, in truth, the last hour hath come. I imagine it is a fit time to depart; for the golden sun himself has died upon the evening's fair horizon, and rosy clouds bear him to his grave behind the western hills!—Around the couch of the dying man, weeping friends and kinsmen stand, while the minister slowly reads the holy words of promise: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whoso liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." Slowly the clock marks the passing moments, and silently the sick man's breath is ebbing away. Slowly the cold waters are rolling through the gateways of life. And now, as the death damp is on the victim's brow, and the heat throbs its last pulsations, the glazed eye opens and turns in one full, farewell glance of affection upon the trembling weeper who bends over him; and ere the spirit departs forever, the angels hear the pale wife whisper—"I'll meet, I'll meet thee in Heaven!"

Sheridan agreed with Walker that the pronunciation of wind should be wynde, but insisted, contrary to Walker, that gold should be goold. Mr. Sheridan tells us that Swift used to jeer those who pronounced wind with short i, by saying,

"I have a great minn'd to find why you pronounce it winn'd."

An illiberal critic retorted this upon Mr. Sheridan, by saying,

"If I may be so bold, I should be glad to be told why you pronounce it goold."

The moment ink is spilt, take a little milk and saturate the stain; soak it with a rag, and apply a little more milk, rubbing it well. In a few minutes the ink will be completely removed.

Dr. FRANKLIN'S ONLY SON.

As the name of Franklin is ever prominently before the public, it may not be uninteresting to give some account of his only son, William, about whom, we think, little is known by the community at large. Unlike his father, whose chief claim is for the invaluable services he rendered his country in her greatest need, the son was from the first to the last a devoted loyalist. Before the revolutionary war he held the office of Governor of New Jersey which appointment he received in 1773. When the difficulties between the mother country and the colonies were coming to a crisis, he threw his whole influence in favor of loyalty, and endeavored to prevent the Legislative assembly of New Jersey from sanctioning the proceedings of the General Congress of Philadelphia.—These efforts, however, did but little to stay the tide of popular sentiment in favor of resistance to tyranny, and soon involved him in difficulty. He was deposed from office by the Whigs to give place to William Livingston, and sent a prisoner to Connecticut, where he remained two years in East Pindar, in the house of Captain Ebenezer Grant, near where the Theological Seminary now stands. In 1778 he was exchanged, and soon after went to England, where he spent the remainder of his life, receiving a pension from the British Government for the losses he had sustained by his fidelity. He died in 1813 at the age of eighty-two.

As might be expected, his opposition to the cause of liberty, so dear to the heart of his father, produced an estrangement between them. For years they had no intercourse. When, in 1784, the son wrote to his father, in reply Dr. Franklin says:

"Nothing has ever hurt me so much, and affected me with such sensations, as to find myself deserted in my old age by my only son; and not only deserted, but to find him taking up arms against me in a cause wherein my good name, fortune and life were all at stake."

In his will, also, he alludes to the part his son had acted. After making him some bequests, he adds: "The part he acted against me in the late war, which is of public notoriety, will account for my leaving him no more of an estate he endeavored to deprive me of."

ANOTHER CANDIDATE.

Judge James R. Chilcoat, of this county, is a candidate for State Senate, as may be seen by referring to the announcement column of this paper. We believe he advocates the continuance of the State Bank, with an increase of branches, and the winding up of all other banks. If our understanding prove correct, and the Judge will, of course, give his views to the public—then, in that event, we will have more to say on the subject.

In order to preserve harmony in the democratic ranks, there has been heretofore a sort of tacit agreement existing between Lincoln and Franklin, to the effect that the Senator should be given to each county alternately. We, in common with others, consequently thought that Franklin would furnish the Senator this time, inasmuch as Lincoln had it two years since. The Judge, however, differs from us, and so is in the field. His reasons for entering the lists, which are, of course, satisfactory to himself, we presume he will make known at the opening of the canvass.—Fayetteville Observer.

We, too, like the editor of the Observer, thought that Franklin county was entitled to the Senator this term, in compliance with the tacit agreement alluded to by the Observer. But we suppose that Judge Chilcoat will explain all.

LOVE, COUNTRY AND SCIENCE.—A correspondent writing us from Daneyville, Haywood county, gives us the particulars of a most melancholy affair which transpired in that place on Sunday last, being the result of coquetry on the part of one of the fair sex of that neighborhood. It appears that a young lady (whose name is not given) residing near Daneyville, some three or four weeks ago promised her hand in wedlock to two young men one of whom was named John Jones, and appointed Thursday, the 16th inst., as the day when both were to be made happy. This state of affairs became known to the two young men, one of whom immediately renounced his claim to his rival—John Jones. Whether Mr. Jones was aware of this turn of affairs, our correspondent does not say. However, on Sunday last he borrowed a pistol, went to his room, dressed himself in his wedding suit, and shot himself through the head. The negroes hearing the report of the pistol, went to his room, and finding the door locked raised a window, when the unfortunate man was discovered lying on the floor covered with blood, and perfectly dead. He was to have been buried yesterday by the Masonic fraternity, of whose body he was a member. A letter addressed to his brother was found in his room, in which he gave directions for the disposition of his property. He requested his brother to say to the young lady that he still loved her, and begged her forgiveness, and hoped that God would also pardon him for the rash act he was about to commit. This is truly a most melancholy affair, and should teach a lesson to those romantic young girls who are disposed to trifle with the affections of their admirers. We pity the young woman whose greatest crime appears to be that her affections were unworthily bestowed. We certainly do not envy her feelings, and would not counsel others to follow her example.—Memphis Eagle and Enquirer.

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LAMB ON THE LIVER.—Charles Lamb, though not holding a physician's credentials has given a better bit of medical advice on the liver complaint than is to be found in the whole range of professional books on that subject. Hear him: "You are too apprehensive of your complaint. The best way in these cases is to keep yourself as ignorant as the world was before Galen, of the entire construction of the animal man; not to be conscious of a midriff; to hold kidneys to be an admirable fiction; to account the circulation of the blood an idle whim of Harvey's; to acknowledge no mechanism not visible. For, once fix the seat of your disorder and your fancies flux into it like bad humors. Above all, take exercise, and avoid tampering with the hard terms of art. Desks are not deadly. It is the mind, and not the limbs, that taint by long standing. Think of the patience of the tailors; think how long the lord chancellor sits; think of the brooding hen."

MORE TERRITORIES COMING.—Application will probably be made at this session of Congress to organize three new Territories in Arizona, Daecotha and Superior. Our country is multiplying new States and Territories more rapidly than at any previous period of its history. In thirty years all of our present Territories will be organized and occupied. Before that time, however, (we join the Cincinnati Enquirer in hoping) we shall have acquired the best part of Mexico, Cuba and Central America. Such is our "manifest destiny."—Mississippian.

A Grand Scam.—A Big Forger Nabbed.—The St. Louis Democrat of Thursday says:

Some three years ago a dashing financier of Chicago left that city and was said to have swindled his friends there to the extent of some \$100,000. He next figured at St. Joseph, and succeeded in gaining a reputation as a forger to the extent of \$6,000. He then subsided in some part of Western Texas. Within a few days he reappeared and registered his name at the Planter's House as George Ingram, of LaBacon, Western Texas. Mr. Perry Penlson, of No. 16 Fourth street, who, three years ago, suffered by him to the extent of some \$5,000, appears to have discovered his criminal identity. On his complaint Ingram was arrested at three o'clock on Thursday morning. Since his arrest, it transpires that he has been making liberal sales of fraudulent stock in some alleged township of Western Texas. Among his patrons are named Mr. I. T. Surgeon, Governor Stewart, and Mr. L. Winkalmer. When called for by the officers, we are informed that he was found in confidential conversation with a brother of His Excellency the Governor. These, his patrons, were exceedingly astonished on finding with what style of man they were dealing. But he has not as yet got any of their numerous dollars.—Mr. Barklow, of this city, but formerly of St. Joseph, also appears as Ingram's accuser, and charges him with having perpetrated a \$6,000 forgery at St. Joseph.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

"I noticed," said Franklin "a mechanic among a number of others, at work on a house erected a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a very merry humor, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell the secret of his constant flow of spirits. 'No secret, doctor,' I have one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and she is sure to be ready; and she has done so many things during the day to please me that I cannot find it in my heart to speak unkindly to anybody. What influence, then, hath a woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain of pure emotion! Speak gently, then, after the tails of the day are over.—Smiles cost nothing, and go far towards making a home happy and peaceful."

How to Save your Shoes. It consists merely in melting together tallow and common rosin, in the proportion of two parts of the former to one of the latter and applying the preparation reeking hot to the soles of the boots or shoes or as much of it as the leather will absorb. One substantial farmer declared that this little receipt alone has been worth to him more than the price of five years' subscription to the news paper publishing it.